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CIA 401 Domestic

Spying

CIA 702 Rockefeller

Comm.

CIA 401 Assassins

Tid

ORG1 MAFIA

CIA 104 Angletons

James

POTTERSH, Seymour

CIA 401 Drug

Traffic

CIA 104 CONNIE LUC

P-COPELAND, Mil

(orig under Anson)

The CIA and the Mafia

By Robert Sam Anson

There is an almost obscene glee in Washington these days; the kind of blood lust that sweeps over a bullring the moment before the big, black animal, wounded and wild-eyed, receives the final sword thrust to the brain. You don't want to look, and yet you can't help it. Despite, maybe because of, the gore, the spectacle that is about to be played out is deeply satisfying. After three decades of spying, lying, destabilizing governments and terminating with extreme prejudice, the CIA is about to get it in the neck.

The disclosures now are coming in torrents. CIA opening mail. CIA spying on Americans. CIA plotting murder. Even the Rockefeller Commission, in its rush to absolve the Agency of the worst of the charges that have been laid against it, has been obliged to dispatch investigators to Dallas, Texas, to clear up persistent questions about the Agency's possible involvement in the Kennedy assassination. The Church committee's investigation of the Agency is still weeks away, and yet the rumor mill is already grinding. One report has it that Sy Hersh, whose disclosures started it all and who has been ominously silent the last few

weeks, is working on a story involving the killing of an unnamed American in this country by the CIA. Another rumor has it that James Angleton, the ousted director of domestic operations for the CIA, is unburdening his soul to Hersh, his former tormentor. Unlikely as both stories are, they are indicative of the mind set in

**It was inevitable:
gentlemen wishing
to be killers
gravitated to killers
wishing to be
gentlemen**

Washington and Langley. "There's something pathetic about it and disgusting," says an old State Department hand from Laos. "All the guys in the Agency are tripping over one another to be the first to sink on a friend. The thing is coming apart. They're panicked. Everyone wants to save his ass."

The storm breaking over Langley has been years in coming. Even now, with

the evidence rolling in, the image of the CIA as an aggregation of international gangsters is a difficult one to accept. Gentlemen, as Henry Stimson so memorably put it, do not open each other's mail, much less slit each other's throats, and, in the public imagination, CIA has always seemed a gentlemanly calling, a vocation for the thin-lipped and well turned-out, the products of good families and the right schools, who wished to serve their country and fight communism without getting their hands dirty. They were tweedy, civilized sorts, in the best traditions of the "Oh So Social" OSS, these agents of the imagination. And certainly, there were many who fit that mold. The quiet men of Langley's seventh floor executive suite—the analysts, the OSS veterans who went into business and publishing and wrote their memoirs of derring-do with the French *Maquis*—they were like that. But they were never the men on whom CIA relied. Those were a different sort. "I remember the first time I ran into them," says a former senior official of the New York Police Department. "And I remember the jolt I got. I expected Yale blue bloods. And you know what they were? Animals. Just animals."